

GUN FRONTIER

FOUR-EYED BUFFALO





HAAA...SHIT...
WHEN DID I FILL UP
SO MUCH AND HADN'T
TO HAVE TO BE
CAUGHTING ALL THIS
MISTY AT
MYSELF??





SHIT!
BROKEAWAY! NO,
CAUSE I SWEAR
I'LL FIND YOU
AND KILL YOU!



JUCKING
FROM THE DELAY
IN THE SOUND,
THAT SASSYBO MUST
HAVE SHOT FROM
A LONG WAY OFF.



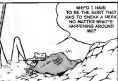
HEY, HEY,
LUNKHEAD!
WATCH WHAT
YOU'RE
DOING!



WHOA!
I DIDN'T KNOW
THIS KIND OF
THING GREN IN
THE DESERT??



NO REGRETS.
I ALWAYS
SAY.



WHY'D I HAVE
TO BE THE SORT THAT
HAD TO DEAR A REEK
NO MATTER WHAT'S
HAPPENING AROUND
ME?



OH, OK...
SO THAT'S
THIS HERE
AND THIS IS
THAT AND...



WHAT
THE--



DAMN!
I JUST GOTTA GET
A FEW SHOTS IN...
FORGET ABOUT
AIMING, LET'S
JUST SHOOT!



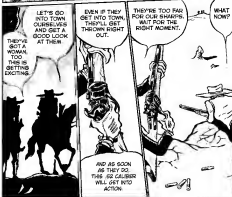
IT'S A DAMN
MIRACLE MY
BRAINS DIDN'T
RUN OUT LIKE
THE WATER
IN THESE
BUCKETS.

... DID YOU
WIDE
WAS IT
AND WHERE'S
THE WATER?



HAH...
HE CAN'T
SHOOT
HIMSELF
OUT OF A
SNUFF BAG.

HARLOCK!
DO YOU HEAR
THOSE PEOPLE
HAVING A
SHOOTOUT?
I WONDER IF
IT'S TOCHIRO...









SHARPS BREECHLOADERS RIFLE M1866



Sharps B&L .52 Gauge

Signature rifle of the Civil War. The most durable single-load rifle of its class, built to use and loading high pressure for maximum bullet power. Several types were produced, from the 1858 breech-top to the 1870 Greenleaf with metal cartridges.









IF HE ASKS FOR COMPENSATION FOR ALL THE SHELVERS WE'VE DONE FOR, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.

THAT MAN HAD A BUFFALO RIFLE. VERY SUSPICIOUS.

SO... WHAT JUST HAPPENED?

YUP.



NOW COME THESE ARE THREE HORSES PARKED OUTSIDE THE SHOP?

I'M FINE. GREAT. LOOK, FIVE THOUSAND.

ARE YOU ALRIGHT, OLD MAN?



I TOLD YOU ALREADY. THE MAYOR IS A LADY AND SHE DOESN'T CARE FOR ANY AND ALL CROPPINGS.

WHY'S THAT?

THEY'RE THE ONLY ONES ALLOWED TO HAVE HORSES HERE.

THE MAYOR'S HORSE, HER HUSBAND'S HORSE AND THEIR LADY'S HORSE. ONLY THREE IN TOWN.



CRICKLE-HEAD!

WHY DOESN'T EVERYONE JUST PICK UP AND GO?

GO SCATTERED WHERE I CAN SEE MY HORSES AND LEAVE MY CROPPINGS AS I PLEASE.

AND NOW IT'S HIGH TIME FOR ME TO GET OUT OF HERE WITH ALL MY TIN.







ACCOMETER,
IF HARLOCK
AND TOCHIRO END UP
DEAD THEN THE ONES
IN TROUBLE WILL BE
YOU TWO.
DO YOU
UNDERSTAND?

OFF TO INFORM YOUR
HUSBY THAT TOCHIRO
AND HARLOCK ARE
LEAVING TOWN
UNARMED.
EH?

NOW
GARE YOU?
I'M ACCO-
METER,
THE TOWN
MAYOR!



I AM
CHARGED WITH
LIVING WITH THEM
AND GATHERING
DATA.

I AM
SHINJORA.
YOU KNOW WHO
I AM, DON'T
YOU?



TOCHIRO AND
HARLOCK BELONG TO
THE LEGENDARY
GHOST WESTERNERS
TRIBE.

THEN--



THEY AREN'T WHITE,
THEY AREN'T INDIAN.
THEY'RE NEITHER CHINESE
NOR JAPANESE. THEY'RE
IN A FACT A TRIBE OF
PROUD WARRIORS CALLING
THEMSELVES "SAMURAI".

PEOPLE THAT CAME
LONG AGO FROM
ACROSS THE SEA,
FROM EASTERN ISLES
AT THE END OF THE
WORLD...
THE JAPANESE.



BUT THERE'S
STILL A TOWN FULL
OF TOCHIRO'S
PEOPLE SOMEWHERE
IN THE WEST!

THE CAVALRY
WAS GATHERED
AND THEIR
LODGINGS AT
YELLOW CREEK
WERE RAZED
TO THE GROUND.
THE FOLK
SCATTERED IN ALL
DIRECTIONS...



BUT TOCHIRO'S
FOLK, THOUGH
RELATED TO THE
INDIANS AND THE
CHINESE, FORM A
COMPLETELY
SEPARATE GROUP
KNOWN AS THE
JAPANESE.

SOME SAY
THEY'RE SIOUX,
OTHERS THE CHEYENNE...
GERONIMO AND RED
CLOUD WERE SAMURAI
IN THEIR OWN WAY...



THEN THAT
MEANS IF
MY HUSBAND
WERE TO
KILL THEM--

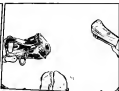


ACQUAINTED,
YOU ARE
OUR CONTACT
IN THIS OUTPOST,
ARE YOU NOT?

OUR AIM IS
TO FIND THAT
GROUP AND
ERASE IT.











LEIJI MATSUMOTO'S
GUN FRONTIER
 CHAPTER 07
 HAS BEEN
 BROUGHT TO YOU BY:
 THE
 RABBIT REICH

hahahaha!

[Shoots Fabrice with a Sharpie.]

Translator:
ak

Script Editor:
"_"

Cleaner:
Isadora

Typesetter:
"_"

Quality-Check:
*ak,
 prettyprophet*

ak

*Let's gggggg carefully
 as he took up his pen...*

prettyprophet:

Man, all that house gone.

"_"

*I don't know how you
 people can keep that
 hobby up.*

JOIN RABBITS.

